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a kitchen potentate tasting the wine, which painting is mentioned in Müller's Kunst Lexicon.

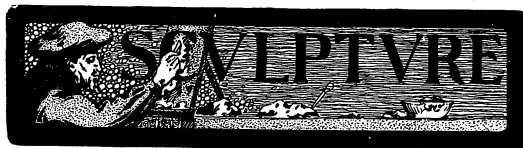
Then we may again turn to a few landscapes. One is Stange's "Moonlight on Lake Como," the terrace of an Italian villa, where the remains of a repast are left, although decorated with vines, plants, and statues, does not divert the eye from the tender play of silvery moonlight glimmering on the rippling waves of that charming lake. The mountains and blue sky furnish the right setting to this idyllic spot. A Bavarian scene, on the other hand, is the rugged view of the Alps, near Lake Chiem, by Heinrich Hoefer, with whom Anton Braith collaborated for the horses and cattle, and Grützner for the figures, as the wagon is being loaded with hay. This picture was painted to order for Mr. Lankenau, of Philadelphia, of the house of Drexel. Somewhat softer in tone and color is Leon Richet's "Pool in the Forest of Fontainebleau," a charming transcript of that famous spot. Other landscapes are Maria à Becket's "Delaware Watergap;" Arthur Hoerber's "View on Long Island;" Bruce Crane's "Autumn;" Edward Moran's "Evening Sun."

A story is again told by Paul Falconer Poole, of the Royal Academy, who pictures a typical scene in English life in "The Pension Court." In the center the pompous judge is seated in an arm chair, and before him a young woman, with children clinging to her skirts, stands pleading for a pension because her husband, a soldier, has been killed in battle. Her old father and numerous friends are grouped about to testify, the whole having a genuine Yorkshite flavor and worthy of the descriptive pen of Dickens or the inimitable genre of David Wilkie. By this latter artist there is also a typical group of a wanderer fallen asleep by the roadside and discovered by two passing strangers.

Wilhelm Sohn, the Dusseldorf professor, shows "After the Ball," Wilhelm Schütze, a Berlin painter, has a bright, dainty canvas with "The Patient Pussy," a picture which received a prize at the Munich Exhibition of Fine Arts. Jules Worms presents a figure piece in his usual style of a Mexican beauty, resting, after a horseback ride, in the doorway of an hacienda. Professor Robert Stieler, of Stuttgart, furnishes his Vienna Exhibition prize picture of "Pfister's House," the oldest house in Colmar, with its old German facade, ornamented with carvings and inscriptions. And further, E. Miralles' "Hunter and Dog," V. de Paredes' "Rue de Rivoli," Ed. Siebert's "Trooper of the Thirty Years' War," Zuber-Bühler's "Rosy Youth," H. Salentin's "Before the Shrine," Louis George Brillon's "The Doctor's Visit," Edward Frère's "Pauvre Gens en Voyage," and a stirring portrait of Goethe, in the prime of life, by Etienne Kolbe, of Weimar.



W. M. CHASE.
THE PET BIRD.



"TO BE OR NOT TO BE" A SCULPTOR.

Pray ye; Merrie Gentlemen, Knights of the Calipper, Mallet and Chisels; what constitutes a Sculptor?

Is a man who models only in plastic material a sculptor?

Then forsooth, what is he who not only models in the above material, but soaring above the kindly assistance lent by Dame Nature in permitting the use of the earth's soft, coy, winsome material, clay, and even wax, ambitiously thrusts these aside and takes up the aforesaid tools and attacks the solid block?

Let us look the question squarely and honestly in the face, no shirking of the responsibilities, no maligning the truth, no cavilling or quibbling, but the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Boldly many will answer that the man who models in clay and wax is a sculptor, while the man who devotes his time and pursues his labor with mallet and chisel is only a stone cutter or carver.

True! But reflect on the conditions and the superlative abuse of the royal title sculptor, is it to be applied, or allowed to be used by the individual who applies himself to the setting up of a petty garland wreath, or a figure that is an entire stranger to anatomy? No, gentlemen, no!

This country urgently needs the good services of a few good sculptors. The hard, woody conceptions that have pre-empted valuable space and invited unwholesome and fulsome praise, have but little in them wherewith we can point with a finger of praise and declare unblushingly to the whole world's arena that this is art, and high art.

Polyclitus, the head of the Argive school, rivalled Phideas in all save his gods. Was he not a worker in marble and bronze? Animal life he portrayed and delighted in, but his Discobolus or quoit player, now located in the Palazzo Massini, alone will serve as an attestation of what constituted a sculptor.

Surely in the past efforts of Pliny, Donatello, Michael Angelo, Praxiteles, and Giovanni de Bologna, sufficient remains to serve as guides to our students, our rising men of the exquisite possibilities, the unstinted resources, that this the now fading nineteenth century possesses.

The material is at hand, the theme before you, and everything in science, art, material and assistance that needs but a kindly call, lies upon your very threshold. But the commercial cancer that is slowly, but surely, eating away the vitals of the country, destroys ambition and rudely and savagely thrusts dark, sweet, sensitive art into the cold and barren garret of a sombre by and by. Haste, a modern word and action, is suspended over us like the sword of Damocles, lulling, even killing the heart's action, destroying all poetic sense and loyal ambition.

For thirty years and more this good country nestled in the comfortable lap of peace, with what result?

Our cities and parks are oftentimes marred by the hideous apologies for sculptural art; man and beast have been cruelly maligned and on the pedestal we inscribe most audaciously the legend

"In glorious recognition"

By our esteemed citizens," etc.

We unveil it with all the pomp and pride of martial acclaim, the colors fly, the drums beat and the populace crack their vocal chords with yelling.

Prosperity, as with warfare, develops certain conditions, and to the period of peace and luxury of the time of Pericles may be attributed the soft and peaceful impressions conceived and executed in the figures of Venus, Bacchus, Amor, *et al.* Nor were these made inferior by the exquisite stage of perfection realized in form and technical qualities sustained by Scopas in the group of Niobe and her children, Venus Victrix, and the Venus of Milo, which rightly or wrongly is attributed to him.

Agesander, through the medium of the famous "Laocoon," portrays all the consummate grace of Grecian art, replete with the details of inborn agony, outward expression of pain and suffering, life, limb, and expression made most appealing and appalling, showing clearly

"The artist's part is both to be and do,

Transfixing with a special central power

The flat experience of the common man,

And turning outward with a sudden wrench,

Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing

He feels the inmost."

Surely this alone would serve to dominate the arguments of the more ambitious who foremost in the strength of his own great weakness, pleads, aye, even condemns, the present era as being bereft of poetry, romanticism, or idealism, and destitute of everything but a

prosaic extravagance. But 'tis not so; it is a false and fallacious argument, fit only for the bad workman who complains of his tools.

Events are fast shaping themselves and soon we shall revel in one grand national confederation in which sculptural work will be injected, not as hitherto, to fill up an undesirable career, but to be contemporaneous, co-mingling with gladdening results. The efforts made by those who would be entitled to the glorious titles of sculptor and who by their supreme efforts would warrant the esteem and patronage of the public and the respect of the critic.

Sculptural exhibitions will be the proud announcements, and earning the right by the exquisite dignity of their own achievements and purpose, will stand absolutely alone, offering the creations and effectually assisting the sculptor by the self-same *modus operandi* that now controls the oil and watercolor exhibitions. From the cold wave-dashed rocks of Maine to the Pacific, our cities have given money and space to material, form, and efforts, bloated with conventionalism, robbed of all idealism, and perfectly naked in truth.

It is not my purpose here to anathematize the creators, sufficient that I know them, have watched them working and have witnessed the casting, the setting up, and the unveiling.

Therefore do not charge me. I pray you, with having made merely a cursory inspection, and think that the shell of the excuse shall be to me the nut, or that the old well-worn excuse shall suffice that "it was spoilt in the casting."

No possible accident in casting could have spoilt Benjamin Franklin's statue in Washington, or the monument to the police heroes of the Haymarket riots in Chicago, the equestrian statue of General McClellan in Philadelphia, the Commodore Vanderbilt at Nashville, Tenn., General Grant in Brooklyn, Charles Sumner in Boston, or many around us in New York City.

The recognition made by the efforts of our men, French, Potter, Mac Monnies, Barnard, Lukeman, Crawford, Rinehart, Boyle, and U. S. Dunbar, is an earnest guarantee that not alone will the government give them the support needed, but by its stronger influence will it be the means of their receiving a national and an international support; and gradually and slowly the work of eliminating the weeds from the garden will have taken place. The mud-slinger, the plaster cast maker, the garland modeller, will be relegated to the cold working bench allotted to the mechanic and barred from the use and privilege of the *Après-déjeuner*.

There in the period of that blissful time it shall not become a necessity to ask what constitutes a sculptor, he shall be recognized by the glory of his work, his lofty ambition, his sweet, deep sense of sympathy, pain and joy; and he shall proudly acclaim Michael Angelo and Praxiteles as his masters. And after that? Kipling answers:

"When earth's last picture is painted
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the master of all good workmen
Shall set us to work anew."

W. P. LOCKINGTON.

THE SALMAGUNDI MUGS.

The second annual series of Ex-Libri's Mugs, issued by the Salmagundi Club, is now ready and will be sold at the library dinner early in April. The sale will be by Auctioneer Mr. Bruce Crane wielding the hammer. This issue of Mugs is always limited to 24, one of which will be decorated each year with the book plate of the library. That particular mug has been designed and executed this year by Mr. Harry Fenn, whose long F is so familiar to admirers of fine magazine illustrations, and who, by the way, is just now making studies along the Gulf, between Mobile and New Orleans. The mugs will be fixed hereafter without a glaze, in bisque, which insures the preservation of all the beauty of the drawing. Each mug is numbered and registered, with a description of all its markings in the library, and of course signed by the artist.

The artists represented in the present issue are as follows, in the order of the number affixed to their mugs: George H. McCord, Gaingero Yeto, Thomas Moran, Herbert Levy, A. T. Van Laer, F. K. W. Rehn, C. Myles Collier, Thomas B. Craig, L. C. Earle, George Elmer Browne, H. R. Poore, Carleton Wiggins, Harry Fenn, A. C. Morgan, Edward Potthast, Albert Sterner, James G. Tyler, P. Fraunfelder, William J. Hays, Charles Warren Eaton, Charles C. Curran, Charles Frederick Naegele, William Henry Shelton and Charles Volkmar.

It is believed that this small issue of Salmagundi Mugs will be a favorite investment for collectors. There is an opportunity for a number of collectors to secure one specimen from each series, but they will cost good money. The librarian has an offer of \$50 for any mug he may select, for a customer in France, who last year secured the mug by Walter Shirlaw.

This sale, it should be stated, furnishes the yearly library fund, which is being expended for art books, technical and costume works.

W. H. SHELTON.

HOW TO TELL A GOOD PICTURE.*

BY C. H. CAFFIN.

To appreciate the beauty of a poem we must study the poet's language and his conception. If the poem is in French, we cannot fully enter into it without a knowledge of the French language. To appreciate a picture we need equally to acquaint ourselves with the painter's language, or medium of expression, and also to try to place ourselves at his point of view, in order to realize his conception.

Before enlarging upon both of these, let us note two wrong ways of looking at a picture. Watch many of the visitors to Sargent's Hall in the Boston Public Library. They glance at the paintings; then espy the printed description; pick it up and work their way through the maze of more or less unfamiliar names and myths, lifting their heads occasionally to identify the details. It is a long description and hard reading. The end reached they ejaculate, "How interesting!" and pass on their way. Or, again, watch the people in a picture gallery. How many move round, catalogue in hand, intent particularly on learning the painter's name and the subject of his picture, and on verifying the subject in the details. If without consulting the catalogue they can correctly attribute a picture to a painter, they are jubilant. Such progress have they made in their art education.

The Sargent example illustrates the tendency to interpret pictures entirely in a literary way; the other, that method of studying by labeling, sorting, and arranging in separate pigeon-holes of the brain for identification. The latter ignores the aesthetic qualities of a picture, the former misinterprets them.

Both errors arise from our system of school education, which is devoted to the development of the intellect, with little attention to the moral, scarcely any to the sense side of our natures. Yet the senses are always with us and in constant communication with the brain, though in an untrained, haphazard, and often quite unconscious manner. In a limited degree the child's sense of sight is trained, as, for example, to distinguish between straight and crooked lines, but not to appreciate the subtle inflections of a line, as every Japanese child learns to do; so, as we grow older, these inflections have no meaning for us, make no impression upon us, apart from the object which they help to depict. The drawing of the human form is nothing more to us than a representation of some man or woman, whereas to the artist it is primarily an expression of beauty, as perceptible as the ripple of melody in music. In the same way the child obtains a rudimentary knowledge of form, but little or no aesthetic perception of it: still less of composition, of the effects produced upon the senses by repetition or by contrast. It learns to name this the oak and that the birch, but not to study the sturdy bulk of the one and the delicate sprinkle of the other, the massive trunk and muscular arms, and the tapering stem and pendent branches. So, too, with color: the child is taught to give names to painted discs, but not to appreciate the harmonies of color, still less to note the effects on nature's colors according as they are played upon by light or shadow.

It is names, names, always names. We are taught to classify, name and identify, not to feel. The education being confined to mental conceptions and to the words embodying them, it is not strange that with most people the interest in a picture is solely a "literary" one, addressed to the subject and not to the painter's language (of which we shall speak presently), through which it is expressed. And yet it is just this expression which is the main virtue in a good picture, making it a separate work of art as distinguished from a prose or poetical treatment of the same subject by a writer.

The fault is often with the painter. A great many pictures convey nothing more to us than a story, the incidents of which could be more fully and forcibly related in words. Such pictures are not "good": they do not rise to the possibilities of art. Or, some painters try to tell the story precisely as the writer would: "This is Juliet and that the potion; observe also the accuracy of the costume and of all the details." But there, perforce, they stop; the fixing of the moment is fatal to the effect. The poet can give us the approaching dread, the supreme moment, and the following horror; the scene lives and moves in our imagination. But the painter—he chooses his moment and must abide by it; and lest we should mistake the maiden for some other heroine of romance, he has to write "Juliet" beneath his picture, or we should not understand it. He has chosen a subject which literature can better treat, and he has been forced to bolster it up with literary suggestion, and even so it is unsatisfying. Why? Because he has not relied upon his own painter's language, or chosen a subject which that language can express more adequately than words. The words of his language are: line, form, composition, color, tone, light, and shade, and atmosphere, in infinite variation and union. The aesthetic effect of

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